

Malaysia Message

Singapore.

November 1933.

Volume 43.

No. 11



Casuarinas at Port Dickson

PERSONALS

BISHOP and MRS. EDWIN F. LEE have just returned from a two weeks' tour of the Peninsula. They expected to leave on the 1st November by the m.s. "Java" for Manila and hope to return to Singapore on the 2nd December by the S.S. "President Monroe".

MISS E. E. WALKER, after a long illness in Bukit Mertajam and Penang is now recuperating in Singapore. She expects to return soon to Penang.

DR. and MRS. F. N. LYNCH of Denver, Colorado, have been spending a few days in Singapore. After 53 years of service they are enjoying a well-earned holiday.

PROF. and MRS. FAY-COOPER COLE of the University of Chicago and their son LAMONT were the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Lee for a few days while the Pres. Harrison was in port.

Word has been received that MR. and MRS. L. B. JENKINS are spending this year in Longview, Washington, where Mr. Jenkins is teaching in the High School.

REV. PRESTON L. PEACH after several years spent in America returned to Malaya on October 25th. Mr. Peach has gone to Kuala Lumpur as head of the Methodist Boys' School.

MISS EVA SADLER spent a few days in Singapore when she brought Paul Coole down for treatment in the hospital—Paul has now so far recovered as to be able to leave hospital and Mrs. Coole has taken her two boys to Sumatra.

MRS. AITKEN, matron of Nind Home, fell recently and was so seriously injured that she will be in hospital for several weeks.

MR. NOEL HORLEY of the A.C.S. Singapore returned from leave October 14th. Mrs. Horley did not come with him. She will remain in England until after the Christmas holidays and expects to return to Malaya early in 1934.

DR. and MRS. LACY SITES were guests at Fairfield for several days on their way back to China. Dr. and Mrs. Sites have been missionaries in Foochow for many years.

The October cabinet meeting brought to Singapore for a two days' conference all the District Superintendents of the conference, except Rev. J. M. Hoover, Sibn.

MISS MINNIE RANK, a former principal of the A.C.G.S., Ipoh, is still in the U.S.A., her Branch of the W.F.M.S. being unable at the present time to provide for her return to Malaya. After attending the Northwest Training School in Seattle for a while she is now serving as companion to an elderly lady on Vashon Island, Puget Sound, Washington. She has especially enjoyed meeting Bishop and Mrs. Lowe, the Mark Freemans and Doctor Stanley Jones. She writes "We have pears, peaches, grapes, and all kinds of luscious cherries growing in the garden. From my sleeping porch I can see several little towns on the mainland and above them snow-capped Mt. Ranier."

MISS MABEL MARSH, formerly principal of the Methodist Girls' School, Kuala Lumpur, writes from Los Angeles, that she is now serving as Superintendent of the Missionary Education Department of the Los Angeles Sunday Schools. She has enjoyed meeting many former Malaysians.

MISS CLARE NORTON, former Primary Headmistress of the A.C.S., Singapore, is still in Los Angeles, and now engaged in decorating and art work.

MISS THELMA ASHLEY, former principal of the Anglo-Chinese Girls' School, Ipoh, is now MRS. ORMEL WATSON. Mr. and Mrs. Watson are living at Dos Palos, California, U.S.A. where Mr. Watson has a motor car garage and is in the motor car business.

PAUL COOLE, son of the REV. AND MRS. D. P. COOLE of Sitiawan has so much recovered that he was able to go to the General Hospital, Singapore, on Oct. 7th under the care of Miss Eva Sadler, to have a brace fitted which will enable him to walk until his limb gets strong again. Mrs. D. P. Coole took him, together with Thomas to Brastagi, Sumatra, on the 23rd October.

REV. AND MRS. C. D. PATTERSON, STANLEY, and BERNICE, of the A.C.S., Teluk Anson were week-end guests at Ipoh, Oct. 13-15, while their hockey and football teams played the Ipoh A.C.S. teams.

The REV. M. DODSWORTH of Malacca spent four days of the first week in October at Klang, conducting Win-my-chum Meetings. The meetings are reported to have been well attended, the interest keen, and the results helpful to all.

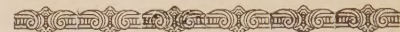
MR. and MRS. W. K. WILTON, Singapore, have another daughter, born October 20th.

PROFESSOR WELLES of the Hartford Seminary Foundation, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., was in Singapore on the s.s. "President Harrison." He plans to go from here to Rangoon and thence to India. He hopes to arrive in Hartford before Christmas.

MR. MOHD. SALEH, for seven years a teacher in the Medan Methodist Boys' School, is now employed in the technical department of the B.P.M. in Medan. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Mohd. Saleh.

MR. and MRS. DAVID GULLAND, Klang, and their two boys are spending some time at Fraser's Hill.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE L. PEET of Kuala Lumpur announce the birth of a son, George Buel, on October 19th.



Glory

BY THE LATE AMOS R. WELLS
Mount Hermon's glory gleams afar,
outshining sun and moon and star.
That glory dazzles on the sight in
splendor of celestial light. Not all the
wonder of the skies so captures our
enthralled eyes; not all the flame since
time began so wins and holds the heart
of man. Not Moses of the mystic law
such fiery bursts from Horeb saw; not
to Elijah rapt to Heaven was such a
flaming whirlwind given. Yet they, the
stupid, sleeping three, how heedless of
this mystery! On Hermon, in that
glory, they drowed as on life's most
common way. Preserve, O Christ, our
listening ear the wondrous voice of
Heaven to hear! Preserve, O Christ,
our wakened gaze to note the gleam of
heavenly rays! Mount Hermon rises
everywhere to hearts of faith and souls
of prayer; and ever unto watchful eyes
transfiguration glories rise.

Mountain Prayer

BY LAILE EUBANK
May I be like a flower, God,
Beauteous,
Lovely,
My heart an uplifted stamen,
My life like a graceful petal
Pearl-tinted by Thee.

May I grow like the pine tree, God,
Stately,
Upright,
Clean as the wind sweeps through me,
Pure in the flick'ring sunlight,
Created by Thee.

May I live like the mountains, God,
Stronger,
Nobler,
With a summit heav'nward pointing,
With foundation of wind-worn granite,
Long-rooted in Thee.

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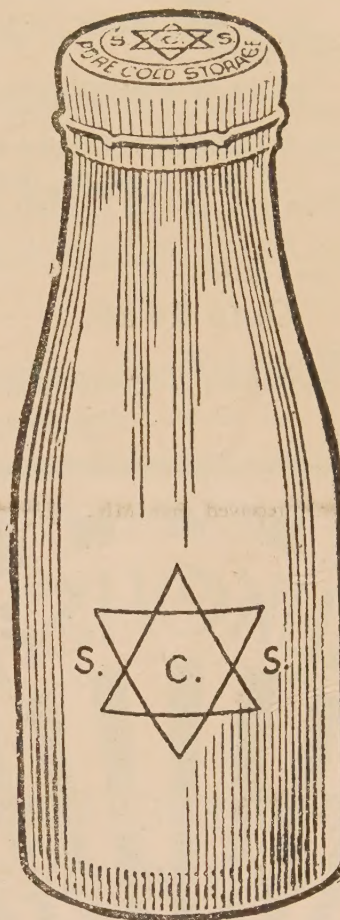
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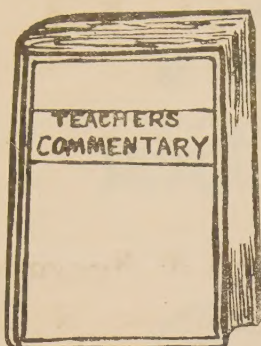
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THE CURSE OF OPIUM

DR. R. Y. LO.

The Legislative Yuan and the Chinese Christian
Advocate May 23, 1933.

"Opium is a curse to the nation. It ought to be opposed by every loyal son or daughter of China. It has ruined homes and bankrupted the individual opium-smoker. It has degraded the nation and weakened the race. I believe that opium is one of the causes of the present national disaster. That is what opium has done to China.

While China is in a state of confusion, all elements at work in favour of opium have become recrudescant. So much so that opium suppression has become almost a laughing stock. Not a few have popularly advocated a government monopoly, either as a control or as a means of raising funds. Some are sincere, believing that only by so doing, opium sale can be controlled. Others entertain a more sinister motive with a view to increase of government revenue.

Personally I think such a policy would be nothing but suicidal. If it is for revenue alone, all the more should it be denounced. If it is for control, I do not believe it will work. For I believe that if the government is able to control opium by way of establishing it as a government monopoly, it also has the power to enforce absolute suppression of opium. So I am dead-ly opposed to it."

As to what the Christian Chinese leaders and missionaries could do to help stamp out the opium evil in China, the following lines of activities might be suggested for consideration:

1. To arouse the people to the dangers of opium and other narcotics and the necessity of reviving the heroic fight of 1908-1917.
2. To drive home to the minds of Chinese women the simple truth that opium destroys happiness of the home and is detrimental to health and posterity.
3. To agitate by pulpit and press moral enthusiasm among the people so that they can play an active role in the anti-opium campaign.
4. To acquaint the people with the evil effects of opium-smoking and with the law which provides punishment for opium-smokers.
5. To establish wards in hospitals or open dispensaries for cure of opium addicts.
6. To help bring about a powerful international public opinion with a view to prevent the smuggling of morphine, heroin, cocaine, and other narcotics into China from foreign countries.

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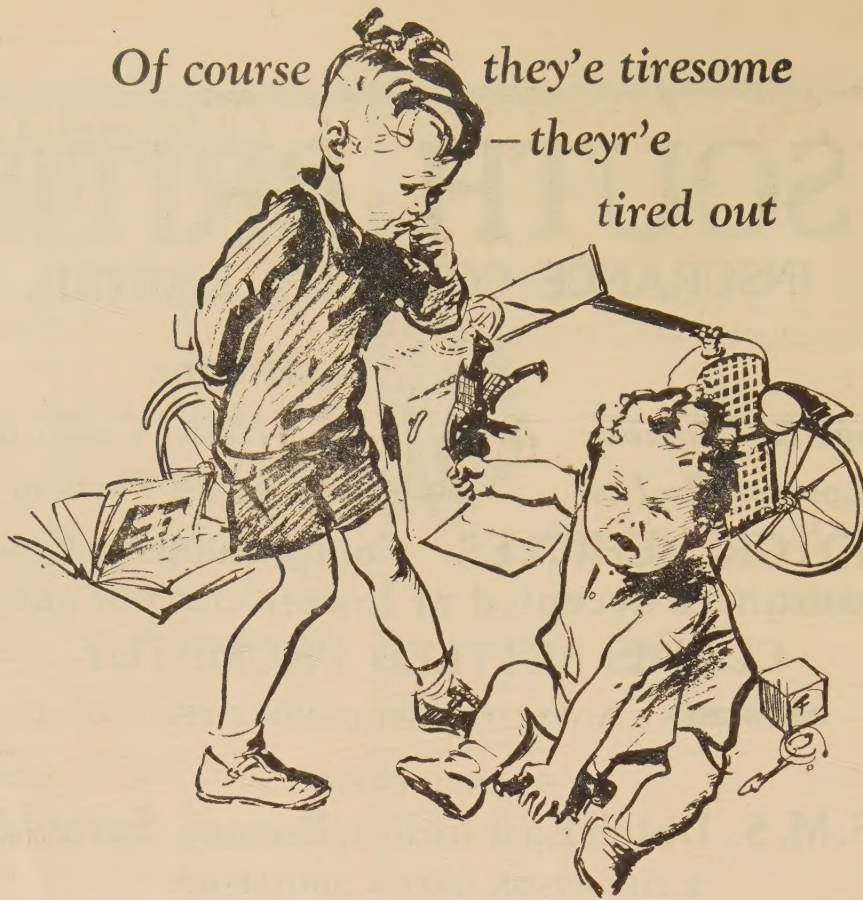
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Of course they'e tiresome
— theyr'e
tired out



They use twice the energy you do

JUST growing up is almost a day's work to children — everyday! And then think of all they do as well: the tots at play — the others doing schoolwork, sports and endless tearing about.

It's bound to show: sometimes they are fretful, sometimes a bit backward — often one of them has a whole bad term at school.

And then someone says "they're growing too fast!" But ask a doctor and he will tell you, "actually it is undernourishment."

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The Malaysia Message

Official Organ of the Singapore Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Monthly Journal

for

Missionary, Educational and General Religious Information

November, 1933.

Vol. 43. No. 11

LIGHT AHEAD

Events have been happening in the world in recent days which have released considerable comment in the daily papers with which we take sharp issue. To a person reading this comment it would seem as though the chief end of journalism was to herald the downfall of idealism, and such a person, who has hoped for the realization of those ideals, if he reads without giving much thought to the trend of argument employed, must finish in a very gloomy mood. It does not make very cheerful reading for a person like that to note with what unrestrained relief, amounting almost to glee, the possibility of the repeal of a great reform movement in the United States of America is announced to the people of this country—a reform which has already met with amazing success and holds so much of promise for the future in spite of the stormy opposition, of the strongest combination of monied interests yet produced in the country. But we are not arguing here for Prohibition, much as we believe in it. We deplore the spirit that can welcome the defeat of such a reform for no better reason than that it will bring into the treasury of the United States of America some millions of dollars in revenue (but not nearly so many as have been promised by the opponents of Prohibition!), at the expense of unhappy lives, poverty of millions, wrecked homes, neglected childhood, and a train of crime, disease, and suffering not only for drunkards, but also for the innocent mothers, wives, and children. Perhaps a return to such conditions is inevitable, but what a commentary on the temper of an age which can shamelessly welcome it and not rather prefer to confine it to the darker corners away from the public gaze, ashamed of the weakness which was not able to carry through a reform so well begun and fraught with such promise for the welfare of the nation and the world!

Again, what can we say dispassionately of the eager support given to the proposals for the construction of huge military and naval establishments? Do we not realize that such construction inevitably means war on a large scale, and are we prepared to commit ourselves to such a programme without an effort to find another way out of our difficulties? Perhaps the

way pointed out by modern statesmen seems hard of accomplishment, because untried, but we know that the way of building up armaments in this generation means war for the next which will lead to the destruction of the finest and best, because this way has been tried times without number. Perhaps war is inevitable in the present stage of intellectual advancement, but cannot some better reason be assigned for urging the building of big navies than that for the present it will give employment to quite a number of men and will put into present use (for future destruction) quite a large quantity of metal, thereby putting money (again!) into circulation and saving this unfortunate generation a year or two of slump!

No one is going to deny that the world is at the present time in a bad way, but it is so not because of ideals. It would be in a much worse way were it not for the ideals. The attainment of such ideals as a sober humanity and a warless world may be impossible of realization for the present generation, but our own feelings in the face of such an impossibility may well be of chagrin and shame at our weakness and past slight achievement in these matters, not of triumphant joy that for the time these ideals have been defeated.

In all these considerations there is little light to cheer one facing the future. Yet there is light, and it lies in the fact that ideals, defeated to-day, will triumph to-morrow. Like truth, crushed to the earth, they will rise again. It is for us who have believed in these ideals to hold fast to them in the dark days as the source of the only light we have for the future, and not to surrender them as hopeless. If they must recede in the present, we observe their withdrawal into the back-ground with regret, but we know that they still exist and will advance to triumph in a happier day when human capacity has arrived at the point where it can welcome whole-heartedly the blessings which they bring. So we continue to look for that city "whose builder and maker is God"—a Kingdom consisting of "righteousness and peace and joy", the "new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness". There is light ahead!



REV. M. R. DORAISAMY

The Methodist Churches in Malaya learned with profound regret of the death of Rev. M. R. Doraisamy, Pastor of the Singapore Tamil Methodist Church, on the 25th September, at 7.30 p.m. at his residence, 33 Cuff Road.

From the very day of his arrival in Singapore the late Rev. Doraisamy identified himself with the forces of Methodism in Malaya and took a keen interest in church activities. My early recollections carry me back to the days when he was a Sunday-School Superintendent, President of the Tamil Epworth League, and a Local Preacher in the Singapore Tamil Methodist Church. Such were his humble beginnings in the effort to help Methodism in Malaya. He took the full Normal Course and in 1923 passed the Senior Cambridge Examination, thus fitting himself for work in schools.

In 1919 he resigned his position as a teacher in the Anglo-Chinese School to devote his entire time to the ministry as Pastor of the Singapore Tamil Methodist Church. In the year 1924 he was transferred to Telok Anson as the Headmaster of the Anglo-Chinese School, which he very capably administered. He did not, however, confine his activities to the school, but did a great deal of estate work covering a very wide circuit. He came in contact with very high government officials and was a personal friend of Raja Muda of Perak.

In 1929 he was transferred to Seremban as the Vice-Principal of the Anglo-Chinese School, and as the Pastor of the Seremban Tamil Church. At this stage he felt that he must strike out a new course in life, and with this end in view started on the Indian system of Lyrical Preaching—*kalachepam* or *kathaprasangam*—reaching a wider circle of men and women of other faiths. Discourses of this nature required a great deal of preparation, for several lyrics appropriate to the theme had to be composed. Further the delivery of these discourses, preaching and singing for over a period of two hours at a stretch, must have been a great strain on his physical powers. He found great scope for his talents in this new sphere of activity.

He came to Singapore, again, as Pastor of our Church in March, 1931, taking the place of his old friend and colleague the Rev. J. A. Supramaniam. He had no difficulty in church work, for most of the members were known to him personally. From the very outset he threw himself heart and soul into the work, but in a short while he began to feel that he was not in the best state of health. He was for a week or so in the hospital, in a serious condition but in spite of it all he worked hard spending most of his time in the afternoon visiting his parishioners and friends.

The following year he started his church activities with greater zeal and energy, but felt that both teaching and preaching was a strain on his health. One day he found that his sight was affected, and when he consulted a physician, a member of his congregation, the real source of his trouble was found. From that day on he was in indifferent health, and for a time completely incapacitated for work. Many despaired of his recovery, and he was ordered to go to India for a change.

The change did him some good, for he wrote to us from India that he was well enough to sing and preach, but on his way back he was laid up with Malaria in the Madras Hospital, and he was between life and death. On his recovery he came to Malaya and stayed in Ipoh for a month having obtained an extension of leave.

He returned to Singapore in March and assumed his responsibilities both as a teacher and preacher, but was far from strong. The Easter vacation gave him a further period of rest, but finally he decided to resign his position as a teacher on the 1st August, and confine his activities to the Church.

There are many phases of his character worth mentioning, but what comes uppermost to my mind is his tact in grappling with the many problems of the churches with wonderful patience that is beyond description. He had the knack of obtaining the services and co-operation of all.

It is worth thinking of the final message he gave to the boys of the Anglo-Chinese School:—"Be worthy representatives of Christ". In fact that was the final message to the large gathering in the Memorial Service of the late Mr. H. M. Hoisington. He always felt that he was a representative of the Master wherever he was. I remember seeing a picture of him and his wife in the A. C. S. Teluk Anson magazine with the following description:—"Representatives of the Methodist Mission". No one can blame our Pastor for thinking so highly of the cause he represented.

He always enjoyed the confidence of the children of the Church, and loved to talk to them and enter into the joy and experiences of the "child's world". In fact he enjoyed playing with his own children, and as they grew older he respected their views and when they were wrong in their judgment he corrected them.

We do not mourn for him, for there was nothing sad in his passing. He had set his house in order, and with the words "My Jesus" on his lips his soul winged its flight to the presence of his Master Whom he had served faithfully and loyally and Whose he will always be.

V. PAUL, *Singapore.*

By the death of Rev. M. R. Doraisamy, the Methodist Tamil Community of Malaya has lost a great preacher, a beloved pastor, and a devoted and true servant of God. As a preacher he was very popular and maintained a very high standard of spiritual life and experience. His sermons were from his heart and soul and not from his lips and head. The secret of his life was prayer. He made a thorough study of his sermons, prayed over them, and waited for inspiration from God. He knew God very well and was always conscious of His presence.

As a preacher he was very courageous. He preached the word of God with force and sincerity.

He attacked the social evils irrespective of the consequences. He wanted to please God and not man. At times, certain individuals misunderstood him, but later they knew his motives and loved him. In almost every Church where he was in charge there are people who will testify to this fact.

As a pastor he was lovable; he loved, and he was loved by almost every one who came in contact with him. A successful pastor is one who is loved by the children of his parish. Rev. Doraisamy was very popular among children. He had a natural liking for them and they in turn responded. During Christmas season many poor homes and children will miss his company, friendship, and cheerfulness very badly. He won the hearts of the poor and the depressed by his sympathy and Christian love. This servant of God was alive to the needs of the poor homes and specially during Christmas he sacrificed his personal comforts and luxuries to make these homes happy, cheerful, and hopeful.

He was able to grade his spiritual growth. In Seremban, he found that he must get closer to God. The congregation was small and he devoted his time to its full development. With this small group he grew into fuller and deeper spiritual experience. To preach the Gospel of Christ more effectively to the non-Christians, the idea of "Kalachepams" or lyrical lectures struck him. He took this up prayerfully and displayed his dauntless courage and loyalty to the cause of the Cross, by delivering his messages from various public platforms. In many places, people came prepared to criticise his lectures, but at the close they never attempted to do so. They confessed that they were so taken up by the force of the message, by the inspiring personality and by the spirit of love that guided him, that they entirely forgot to note the technique and music which were to be criticised. In his lectures he touched upon caste and dowry systems, Education for Women, the Saviourhood of Christ, and the Glory of the Cross. At times he rose to the height of prophecy, pleading with his people to turn back to God and learn the truth of Christ—the God incarnate, the Saviour of the world.

This disciple of Christ devoted most of his time to the service of the poor and the depressed. In connection with the Social Service League, Seremban, his activities were varied and numerous. He visited the cooly lines, talked with the labourers, taught them to read and write, and did his best to raise them to a better social standard. The labourers—men, women, and children, knew him very well and had great confidence in him.

Rev. Doraisamy was interested in everybody. He had a smile about him always and was very popular among his fellow workers. He loved God and he loved man. He was truly a servant of God, a lover of humanity, and a true disciple of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. J. V. AYADURAY, *Seremban.*

The Malaysia Message

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AN EPISCOPAL TOUR

For the first two weeks in October the eyes of Methodists throughout Malaya were turned expectantly to the highway for the approach of the car which bore Bishop and Mrs. Edwin F. Lee to the various stations within the bounds of the Malaya Annual Conference. A carefully arranged schedule had made it possible for them to visit almost every station and to meet and talk with the Methodist people in each place. Again, carefully prepared local programmes provided opportunities for Bishop and Mrs. Lee to speak to large numbers of people in many of the stations. On the Saturday spent in Malacca at the close of the tour, visits were made to several of the outstations where the Bishop met and spoke to large Methodist congregations, and on the next day, Sunday, he spoke in the morning and evening to congregations which completely filled the Church.

From our correspondent in Ipoh comes the following report:

On Monday, October 2nd, Dr. L. Proebstel the District Superintendent, met Bishop and Mrs. Lee at Teluk Anson and from there gave them a thorough survey of the great Perak Methodist District. The Teluk Anson Methodists under the leadership of the Rev. and Mrs. C. D. Patterson entertained the party to a tea with a large company of guests. The Bishop addressed this group and the next morning the A.C.S. chapel, following an inspection of the school. Then the party motored to Kampar, where Mr. Yong Ngim Djin, headmaster and his staff, had prepared a programme of welcome and later entertained the visitors to

WINDOWS
By DWIGHT NELSON ROBINSON
The little windows of the world
Are harbingers of light,
Through them the darkness flees away,
Obscurity turns bright.

Where rose the bleak and barren walls
All cheerless to the view
The joyous rays come rushing in
The sunlight courses through.

And there are windows of the soul,
And if we look through these,
A vista wonderous bright appears,
Fair hills and waving trees.

The hills high aspirations are,
The manhood of a friend,
The waving trees his sympathy,
Enduring to the end.

But many see no windows there,
And pass unthinking by,
And never gain that inward view
That meets the spirit's eye.

So I am thankful for the glimpse
Of hills and waving green—
And may that picture of my friend
Within myself be seen.

a splendid Chinese
Ipoh was their headquarters from Tuesday afternoon until Friday morning. From Ipoh the Bishop visited our work in Tronoh, Pusing and Tanjong Rambutan with the Superintendent. In Ipoh the Bishop addressed the A.C.S. chapel and Mrs. Lee the A.C.G.S. chapel as well as the Union Epworth League service in the Wesley Church. Our Bishop was also the honoured guest of the Ipoh Rotary where he addressed a large number of Rotarians on "The

Nations of the World at School." The high point of their visit came on Thursday afternoon when more than three hundred guests were present at the tea in our visitors' honour, including the Raja Bendahara and his wife, the Padres of the Anglican and the Presbyterian Churches, and their wives, Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Rae, and many others prominent in the community. The Tamil, Chinese, and English congregations, joined forces to give this reception.

On Friday Dr. Proebstel led his guests to Sitiawan where the Bishop was scheduled to speak at the A.C.S. chapel at 12:30. In the afternoon, the Third Road Church congregation and pastor, proud of their lovely new church building and parsonage, entertained the party to a great reception and the Bishop preached to a congregation that filled the church to overflowing. The Bishop also baptised twenty-five children that afternoon. Then they were rushed by motor car to Simpang Ampat where the Tamil congregation and pastor were awaiting them.

On the return trip from Penang, Dr. Proebstel met the party again at Taiping, where Miss N. B. Craven and Rev. H. Peterson had arranged a very fine reception in their honour and the Bishop took part in a service at the school. Then on Wednesday morning, on their way back to Ipoh, they stopped at Kuala Kangsar to see the new Astana and Dr. Proebstel had also arranged for Bishop and Mrs. Lee to be introduced to H.H. the Sultan of Perak, who was exceedingly gracious to them, and asked his A.D.C. to conduct them throughout the Astana, even showing them his sumptuous private apartments. Their last afternoon in Perak was spent as guests at Col. and Mrs. Cecil Rae's home, together with the Ipoh Missionary staff, at a lovely tea, and that night to dinner in the new W.F.M.S. home with the Misses Bunce and Kleinhenn as hosts.

It is difficult to appraise properly such visits as these. Too many tours are made through Malaya with no other purpose in view than sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking. (This was farthest from the purpose which moved Bishop and Mrs. Lee to make their
(Continued on p. 13)

MEDITATIONS FOR THE INNER LIFE

by Rev. H.B. Amstutz.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God—Micah 6:6.

"And the people asked him saying, What shall we do then?"—Luke 3:10.

PRAYER—Our Father, we should like to be of the number of those who are troubled by the manifest tokens of incompleteness and wrong in our world, and are trying with eagerness and consecration to bring in a better age. We are willing to pay the price of such an effort, and in this fact we know we share somewhat the spirit of our Lord. In His name we pray.
—Amen.

What sort of a Christian are you?

Our modern Christianity differs from that of the first Christians in the basic fact that they felt themselves in the power of a will which was not their own, while so few of us, if any, have any awareness of such a supreme power or the corresponding loyalty which accompanies it. The early Christians felt the call and hand of Jesus Christ in a very real way. Paul using the familiar language of his day called himself the slave of Christ. "I bear on my body the marks (stigmata) of Jesus, evidence that I am his slave." Moffat translates one pregnant phrase of Paul's like this, "I have not yet grasped that for which I was clutched hold upon by Christ Jesus, but I press on." When Peter and John were taken before the Jewish Temple council and forbidden to speak about this 'Jesus', Peter said in defence, "We cannot but speak"—that is, he had no other alternative.

This sense or feeling that one has been bought with a price, of being an instrument to be used by God for a divine purpose, seems rather remote and unreal to people of the Twentieth Century. Their minds were fixed in moulds far different from ours. I do not think we lack the faith they had, or their courage, but we do lack the abandon in which they dared to follow their inner guidings. I honestly think we are afraid to do it. Like Hamlet our resolutions "are sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." We think of this or that action but it never gets farther than that. We choose, but we do not feel that we have been chosen, and no doubt this is the disease of our age. We have not learned the secret of a supreme loyalty. What is the power of an Albert Schweitzer? He answers it in his biography when between the lines you feel the utter loyalty of this man to his Master. Dare you let yourself go in an abandon such as was Paul's?

"By his spirit the heavens are garnished. Lo, these are but the outskirts of his ways; and how small a whisper do we hear of him. But the thunder of his power, who can understand?"—Job 26: 13, 14.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—

Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?"

—Alfred Tennyson.
(*"The Higher Pantheism"*)

Our Dead. (Thinking of those whose Memorials we read in the October issue)

Let us not think of our departed dead
As caught and cumbered in these graves of earth;
But think of death as of another birth,
As a new freedom for the wings outspread,
A new adventure waiting on ahead,
As a new joy of more ethereal mirth,
As a new world with friends of nobler worth,
Where all may taste a more immortal bread.

Edwin Markham.

I dreamed last night I stood with God on high,
And saw the centuries glide, like falling rain,
Into the still pool of eternity,
Whose calm deeps scarcely rippled with their gain;
And everywhere, in flower and bud and tree,
In savage beast or stirring of the clod,
In the on-marching of humanity,
I seemed to see life reaching up to God.

"The spirit breathes where he wills."—John 2: 8.

"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."—Phil. 4: 13.

"We cannot kindle when we will

The fire that in the heart resides;

The Spirit bloweth and is still,

In mystery our soul abides.

But tasks in hours of insight will'd

Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

PRAYER: We confess before Thee our weakness and our sin, holy Father. We come over soon to the end of our strength and virtue. But in the power of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the presence of the Holy Spirit we are confident that all needful things are possible. Fill us with the purpose to do what Thou shalt desire at all cost.—Amen.

SHOULD CHINESE MUSIC BE INTRODUCED TO CHURCHES?

BY HOMER H. M. CHENG.

The Chinese people are often proud to point out that there are two fields of human endeavour in which they have no peers. The first is cookery and the second music. Those who have tasted real Chinese food, not the regular chop-suey type, will probably agree that the Chinese culinary art is one of the best of its kind in the world, but as regards music, be it a classical piece or otherwise, a different opinion none too flattering is expressed. The consensus of western opinion is that the Chinese music is monotonous, noisy and disagreeable. Dr. T. Z. Koo once asked a western friend of his as to the average westerner's opinion of Chinese music. The reply was in a comic strain: "If you put several cats in a bag and sit on them very hard, you get Chinese music." One thus wonders if the acoustic sense is harder to please than the olfactory sense.

It may be of interest to know what the Chinese opinion of foreign music is. With the exception of those who are educated in English schools I may say that the majority of Chinese people consider foreign music anything but melodious. They are only responsive to their musical combinations quite incomprehensible to the European ear. If parts of Wagner's "Ring," for instance, are played by an orchestra before a Chinese audience it would probably remind them of their kiddies breaking dishes and overturning kitchen utensils at home. They are purely a meaningless clang. But if a classical piece written by one of their own composers is played a strikingly different reaction will be noticed. To Chinese ears their music is sentimental in the highest degree. Confucius was one time so ravished by a celebrated piece composed by emperor Shun 1600 years before his time that his sense of meat was rendered numb for three months.

Music, it must be remembered, is the expression of the innermost soul. It is the reaction of the individual feelings on the environment. As no two races can think or feel in exactly the same way the products of their thoughts often assume widely different ranges. The result is that music of a nation is only understood to full advantage by its own nationals. Such being the case one is led to wonder if it would not be advisable to introduce some Chinese songs to Chinese churches where music plays an important part in intensifying one's devotional feelings.

Missionaries or pastors working in the interior of China can testify to the difficulty of making Chinese converts sing western hymns. Some of the new converts may show considerable ability to sing western songs, but they always prove utterly hopeless at interpreting them. A simple and slow devotional hymn like 'Nearer my God to Thee' for example, is sometimes sung in such a way as would render it suggestive

of a martial song. In some Chinese churches where the audience consists of the non-student class one will frequently find a song sung in different pitches and tempos. At a cursory hearing it may appear that they are sung in parts—which is not the case. Will the same thing happen if Chinese songs are sung instead?

That Chinese are accustomed to and can comprehend their own music is naturally to be expected. For centuries music has played an important part in their daily life, in marriage as well as in funerals. At home the old as well as the young have sung their favourite popular airs and mother-goose songs. Out in the open, grass cutters and farmers have beguiled the time by singing responsive songs. The Buddhist priests chant in their services while the Taoists chime their instruments and sing their liturgies. Everywhere music takes a prominent part. As is the case with the western music the Chinese music is divided into religious and popular. The former which is identified with the Confucian Ritual is always conducted with great splendor and solemnity and, in my opinion, is suitable for church use if suitable words are written.

As regards the Chinese musical system it may be briefly mentioned that it is at present somewhat similar to that of the west. The earliest scale used corresponded to the Western C. D. E. G. A, which about 200 years afterwards was enlarged to seven notes by the inclusion of F sharp and B. Later still when a great Mongol invasion occurred the Mongols changed the F sharp to F natural and made the scale like the western Major mode. However some musicians wanted to use F and others F sharp. Finally Kubla Khan compromised matters by authorising a scale having both F sharp and F natural which accordingly became C. D. E. F. F sharp. G. A. B. C. About two hundred years later F was abolished again and soon after the late form of the pentatonic scale was adopted which stands as C. D. F. G. A. and is known in Chinese as the Kung-chieh system.

In recent years many attempts have been made to compose Chinese songs after the western scale system and notation. Some of them have already been included in hymnals. As far as I know they are well received though not extensively used. Doubtless, with the combined study and research carried out by those musical societies recently organised in China much more will be heard of it than at present.

To transpose Chinese melodies in terms of the European scale and notation and make them universally appealing is admittedly a difficult job but it is worthy of the serious attempts of enterprising musical students. The difficulty, I believe, can be considerably lessened if the church authorities will give their support and encouragement.

EPISCOPAL TOUR

(Continued from p. 10)

tour. They gave themselves unstintingly to the Methodist people and others of this country who look to them for leadership and counsel. They returned from their trip thoroughly tired but happy for the many expressions of love and confidence shown them by the people. Not only were they able to gather information from various parts of the Conference which will be quite indispensable in shaping the programme for another year, but they were also able to contribute much to that bond of fellowship which helps to provide for Methodists the world around a sense of unity and

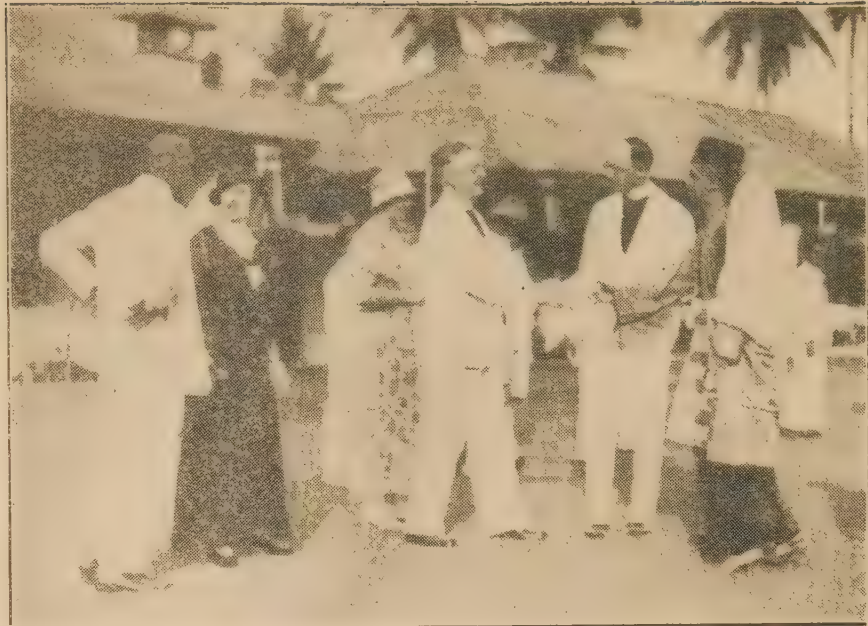
assists in maintaining Methodism as a great connec-tional system. Although we know that such tours greatly tax the strength of our Bishop and his wife, we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the tour just completed may be only one of many yet to come.

MEDAN YOUTH AND CHRIST

How beautiful is the sight of a well-lighted spacious Church filled with youthful faces all intent on a serious consideration of Christ-like living! Such was the audience which faced the Rev. D. H. Yap as, under the auspices of the Medan Epworth League he conducted the annual Win My Chum meetings during the second week in October. These meetings have come to mean very much in the lives of many Medan youths.

The Win My Chum Bulletin, edited by the President of the Medan League, Mr. T. G. Abraham, and containing short pertinent testimonies by various local Leaguers, served as a good announcer of these meetings. Some fifteen large, telling posters prepared by school boys created considerable interest and expectancy regarding the meetings which were to follow. Finally, a play, "Life's Message to Youth," the material for which had been secured from the Malaysia Commission on Religious Education, supplied an ideal introduction to the Win My Chum Meetings.

The messages delivered by Rev. Yap left no doubt about the significance and supreme necessity of Jesus in Youth's struggles and combats with sin. With characteristic earnestness and sincerity, testified to through the years by his attitude and life among us, Rev. Yap pointed out the practical implications of the gospel of Jesus Christ in the life of Asiatic Youth to-day.



The Raja Bendahara, Ipoh, presented to Bishop Lee by the Rev. H. B. Amstutz.

What does Medan youth have to say about these meetings? Let them speak for themselves:

"Isn't Christian-like life better than any other one? I, a Buddhist, believe it so."

"I, though a Mohammedan, am sorry that more of my friends did not hear Mr. Yap's message on 'Youth and Sin.' We need such messages very much. I find the level of conversation and thought, among many who work in the business offices, very low and obscene and such a contrast to what one hears in the environment of at least a Christian school."

"After all these meetings and hearing all of Mr. Yap's speeches, I feel myself becoming a new person. Before, Christianity did not mean so much to me as now. I realize, too, that if I want to be a successful girl which God wants me to be, I must walk the road that is narrow and hard to enter. Though I am a Christian, still I do not perform the Christian-like deeds. After all these meetings, some questions stay in my mind: How can those other girls, my friends, become Christians if I do not show a different character as a Christian?"

"Rev. Yap recommended Christ as an inspiring Helper to all struggling youth. He stressed the fact that belief in Christ should be evidenced by a changed life—better and nobler living. He cautioned all youth against smoking, drinking, etc. and the present day social evils, such as dancing, sweep-stakes, and cash lotteries. He declared that Eternal life does not necessarily mean the life to come or life after death but it may well mean a Christ-like present-day life."

Such are some of the testimonies given by some of the young people themselves. There are many others which space does not allow us to include.

N. T. GOTTSCHALL.



Dedication of the Hinghwa Methodist Church, Singapore. The Pastor, Rev. Paul S. H. Hang, seated beside Bishop Lee, was ordained an Elder at this service.

ORDINATION AND DEDICATION AT SINGAPORE

On September 3rd, 1933, the Hinghwa Methodist Church held a combined ordination and dedication service in the new Church at 27 Sam Leong Road. The Church was packed to its fullest capacity and several people had to stand throughout the service. Among those present were Bishop and Mrs. Lee, Rev. and Mrs. Eklund, Rev. and Mrs. Archer, Miss Harvey, Rev. Lim Poh Chin, and the late Rev. M. R. Doraisamy.

The service began at 3.30 p.m. with an organ prelude by Miss Duang Kung Hua. After the singing of a hymn, the Apostles' Creed was repeated, followed by a prayer by Rev. Lim Poh Chin. The congregation then listened to a solo by Mrs. Archer, which was greatly appreciated. The Scripture was read by the Pastor, Rev. Paul S. H. Hang.

After the singing of another hymn, Mr. T. E. Tay then spoke briefly welcoming Bishop and Mrs. Lee back to Malaya.

Another hymn was sung and the sermon of the day was delivered by Bishop Lee.

After the sermon, the ordination service was held and Rev. Paul S. H. Hang was ordained an elder of the Church. A congratulatory speech was delivered by Mr. Aw Deng Kie.

The dedication of the Church Building, conducted by Bishop Lee, then took place, following which the service was brought to a close by the Benediction pronounced by Bishop Lee.

ORDINATION SERVICES IN KUALA LUMPUR

Bishop Lee while on his tour through the peninsula spent Sunday the 8th October in Kuala Lumpur. In the morning he preached in the new church building at Sentul to a congregation which taxed the capacity of the building even after the partition at the front of the building had been removed. Rev. N. G. Manickam, the pastor was ordained Elder. Rev. L. A. Samuel and Rev. S. A. Phillips both of whom were former pastors at Sentul were present and assisted in the service as well as Rev. S. S. Pakianathan, Rev. T. W. Bowmar and Rev. M. Dodsworth. Bishop Lee preached from II Timothy 2:15 which was a most suitable text for the ordination service.

(Continued on p. 25)

OUR SCHOOLS

H.S.O. & F.D.

Rev. P. L. Peach, M.A., returns to Malaya.

Many readers of this page will be glad to hear of the return to Malaya of Mr. Peach who has held the Principalship of the Kuala Lumpur M.B.S. and of the A.C. Schools of Ipoh, Penang and Singapore at one time or other during the years 1914—1930 when he went on leave. He has recently taken his M.A. in Education. We can assure him that he is truly welcome wherever he may serve in Malaya. For the present Mr. Peach goes back to the first appointment he was given twenty years ago,—the Principalship of the M.B.S. in the Federal Capital.

It may be of interest to learn that there remains to-day only one teacher on the staff of the M.B.S. who was there in 1914—Mr. S. Kanagaratnam who was then beginning his useful career as a teacher. The rest have gone far and wide, the writer being one of them.

Rev. T. W. Bowmar goes to be Principal of the Penang A.C.S., to take the place of Rev. W. A. Schurr.

KLANG A.C.S., felt very keenly the departure of their Principal, Rev. G. V. Summers and Mrs. Summers. "T.S.D." writes feelingly, "What is not clear is that two people so absorbed in their missionary and school work should find themselves on their departure embarrassingly popular." We are happy to learn how acceptable has been the work of the Summers not only in the School but also in the Church and district of Klang.

From all sources we hear that Mr. P. H. Schmucker, the new Principal, is handling the situation in Klang with energy and success. A week of special meetings conducted by Rev. M. Dodsworth was held in the school during the early part of October.

MEDAN M.B.S. sends a complete report of their Sports Day. Chinese, Batak, and Malay pupils competed in the 30 items. We read that "the teachers as well as the Principal, Rev. Gottschall, took part in the sack race.....this created great laughter". We certainly believe it would!

Just to show how different things are over the Strait the broad jump record is expressed in metres, in this case the boy leaped 5.52 metres (Medan boys must be good in decimals!) and the shot put ball weighs 5 Kg.

Mrs. Wee gave away the prizes at the end of the happy day even if it had been spent under the "glittering tropical sun".

KAMPAR A.C.S. held their Sports Day on 22nd July before a large and representative gathering of parents, old boys and friends, on



Methodist Boys' School, Medan, Football Team, 1933.

the Town Padang which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Fine weather prevailed until towards the end when a slight downpour of rain marred what would have been a most enjoyable and successful afternoon. As a result of this the last three of the 34 events in the programme had to be run off in the rain and the distribution of prizes had to be postponed to the following Tuesday.

Keen rivalry was displayed between the four "HOUSES" and as there were several team events, almost every pupil took part. The Primary pupils were not included in the "HOUSES" but were divided into four Teams. One of the chief features of the day was the girls' events in which the competitors exhibited immense enthusiasm. Two novel items which caused great delight to the spectators were:—"LAME AND BLIND" for C boys and "CHARIOT RACE" for Scouts.

House Results were:— South House.....87 points.
North House.....75 points.
West House.....71 points.
East House.....64 points.

Championship:—A Class—Kong Kai Mun 15 points.
B Class—Wong Ah Kow 15 points.

On Tuesday, 25th July, 1933 at 9 a.m. all gathered in front of the School for the distribution of prizes. The Headmaster, Mr. Yong Ngim Djin, after thanking all who had helped to make the day a success, called upon Mr. C. Glencross, the Assistant District Officer for Gopeng and Kampar, to give away the prizes to the successful competitors.

AND NOW FOR A LITTLE TALK on the Qualifications which employers require in youths seeking employment: I have been intrigued of late to read the
(Continued on p. 25).

"MEN OF THE JUNGLES"

An Address to the Ipoh Rotary Club,

BY REGINALD J. BEE, A.C.G.I., A.M.I.C.E.,
F.R.G.S., M.C.E.S.

(Continued from October issue)

The ornamentation of the blow-pipes and quivers is, to me, a matter of great interest. The study reveals a basic medium of interpretation of ideas of the different tribes. One thought is represented by a symbol in one tribe very similar to that in use in another, and possibly distant, tribe.

There is the part of a tribe living not thirty miles from us now, a tramp of a day and a half up the valley of the Sungei Penoh, a tributary of the Sungei Kinta. In the house of the tribe which I visited recently there was the Uder, the head man, and his wife, four other women, six men, and several youths. The previous day I had met a small hunting-party consisting of two men, two youths, and two boys from this section of the tribe. Each was armed with a sumpitan of length commensurate with the years of the carrier. One boy was barely six years old and carried a quiver full of small darts for his four foot long blow-pipe.

The Uder was interesting, he knew a little Malay, and we had a long talk. His language is mainly onomatopœic combined with a rapid chatter of highly stressed monosyllables. I had recorded some two hundred words the previous evening, but in the face of his rapid chatter they availed me nothing.

There are three points of interest that should be cleared up in connection with this tribe.

Firstly, the Uder and his wife wore a necklet of beads of the type known as "Choker" about two inches high, of alternate red and white vertical stripes one inch broad. Secondly, one of the women was tattooed with one very blue stripe vertically down the centre of her face from forehead to chin, without any other markings at all. And lastly, the ornamentation on the blow-pipes was in the centre of the tube and not at the mouth-piece end at all. The outer covers of the blow-pipes were composed of very thick tubes of bamboo, this in itself is remarkable, and the ornamentation of a very low and crude nature was placed just below the node in the outer bamboo. The quivers were very dirty and bare of any markings whatsoever. These three points are of interest to the students of the tribes, and though to the casual onlooker every jungle man looks the same, little changes in the usual or established markings or customs offer a source of enquiries that are the only way in which a comprehensive study and knowledge of these people may be attained.

I inspected the carrying baskets of this hunting party, and apart from two roots of Ubi Kayu, for food, fifty bamboo slips, and a carrier of bird-lime there

was nothing in the general commissariat of the party to yield much information. A search in the private pouch of the leader revealed a small wad of native tobacco, three leaves used in making cigarettes, two matches, the claw of a bear, the end of the tail of a Lotong, (very dead) a small length of a file and a piece of iron pyrites in quartz (for making fire) and a small quantity of coarse cotton fluff for use as tinder. A sum total of no new learning. So much for the Sakai—the merest drop in the ocean of knowledge about these interesting people of the jungle.

The Semang and the Pangan of the Northern parts of this country are short of stature, sturdy and shock-headed Negritos. They do not take kindly to settled habitation and in the whole of the far Ulu Kelantan from Kuala Sungei to the head-waters of the Nenggiri there is but one settled Pangan village. Rather do the different tribes wander through the Northern jungles in tracts that have been apportioned to them in the dim past before history, each tribe to its range and no roaming over the boundaries. The tribe with which I lived for nearly a year in 1924 in the Ulu Kelantan, had their range from Kuala Lah on the Nenggiri, to the Sungei Sitong on the Galas, with the main range of mountain as the Western boundary. They were armed with sumpitans of excellent workmanship, and ornamentation. They were skilled in the use and understood the variety of poisons to use on the ends of the darts. They did not use the bow and arrow although accredited with such use according to Skeat and Blagden in "Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula." In this book occurs the following passage:—"Blow-pipe found amongst the Semang in its lowest and roughest form" (page 254. Part II. Chap. VI. Vol I.) This is, according to my observation, incorrect and misleading. But stranger still the following anomalous reference to the blowpipe tubes:—"In its rarest form, that of the jointless tube, the blowpipe is only found within a yet more restricted area, i.e., in parts of Perak, and in the Ulu Nenggiri district of Kelantan." This reference is correct and full use is made of this particular long noded bamboo by the tribes of this area who are not only skilled in the making of the sumpitans, but also in their use.

The dress of these wanderers is much the same as that of their Sakai brothers, and is augmented by any slight addition of foreign or local cloth that may come their way. It should be mentioned in passing that the only cloth to them is the soft inner fibre that may be peeled from under the outer bark of certain palms and trees in the hilly jungles. The halting places of these nomadic tribes is dictated by the condition of their larder and the known places where wild roots of an edible nature are to be found at the various

(Continued on page 25)

What We Believe About Gambling

Gambling includes a large number of practices fairly common in present-day society. In order that we may be clear about the evils which we oppose under this head, we would say at the start that in the term "gambling" we include such activities as sweepstakes, betting at races or other occasions, lotteries, and such games of chance as involve the staking of money on the winning of the game. In our opinion all of these activities are condemned by sober and unprejudiced thought and by Christian conscience, and the Christian Church should not only seek to save her own members from the pernicious evils of these practices, but also to permeate society with her ideals that the dangers to society arising from these evils may cease.

Just cause for alarm for people interested in public welfare exists in the recent widespread increase in gambling in its various forms throughout the world. Not only is this true in the personal habit of gambling in connection with so-called "parlour games", but it has become much more conspicuous in connection with such public methods of gambling as the sweepstake, races, and lotteries. These we find supported not only by individuals, but also by Governments and well-established organizations which make opposition to them all the more difficult. We believe that Church organizations must unite, and that organizations of interested people must be formed, to arouse public opinion on this matter, and to gain strength the more effectively to combat an evil already all too strongly entrenched.

We oppose gambling, first, because it is a great waste. It will readily be seen that nothing is added to the wealth of the world when money simply changes hands from one person to another, not in payment of something which has been made. It is the "something which has been made" which really adds to the wealth of the world. Besides adding nothing to the wealth of the world, gambling costs immense sums to operate, especially in its public forms. All this is great waste. To say that large sums of money are contributed to public institutions like hospitals is merely a "smoke-screen" to confuse the thinking of people and to cover up great evils. When compared with the total outlay of a sweepstake, the amount finally contributed to the public institutions is pitifully small. The remainder becomes the gain of individuals, thus being withdrawn from social uses and constituting for society a great waste.

We oppose gambling, in the second place, because it is a social evil. It encourages large numbers of people, who cannot afford to lose, to stake practically all they have on the hope of winning. Few of this large class do win and the result is poverty and dependence on public charity for large numbers who needed the money which they gambled away. Again, those who indulge in gambling become poor workmen because they are so engrossed in the possibility of winning and their interest in their work is greatly reduced. Thus they stand to lose their jobs and become dependents or criminals in their endeavour to secure the necessary money with which to gamble. In any event society bears the losses incurred by gambling.

We oppose gambling, in the third place, because it is wrong in itself. Money is required by the winner, not in payment of honest work, nor in payment of any article, nor for sheer love of one for another, but solely because one has chanced to win in the gamble. To require something for nothing of value in return is not morally sound.

We oppose gambling, in the fourth place, because it is destructive of every religious precept. It educates people in a dependence upon a cold and heartless chance or fate, rather than on a personal, loving, provident God. It destroys brotherhood and strengthens selfishness. It produces poverty of character, as the gambler does not stop to question the means by which he hopes to win. He ceases to become his brother's keeper and learns to suspect everyone else as one who in the fortune of the gamble may take his money from him. Gambling tends to the loss of reverence for God, of self-respect, and of the finer qualities of life on which religion rests.

The Committee on Public Morals.

LIGHT DAWNS IN THE JUNGLE

REV. N. T. GOTTSCHALL,

We were seated on a bamboo platform. A roof of rattan branches sheltered us. Two rattan chairs, crude but substantial imitations of civilization, had been made by the people themselves for our use. It would have offended them had we not consented to use them. (And being on the last lap of a 70 mile hike through the jungles, we did not have to be asked twice.) The entire building—roof, rafters, and walls—was held together by that “bailing wire” of the jungles which we call rattan. I have seen vines of it extending 200 to 300 feet from the ground to the top of a giant banyan on a tropical hillside. Even the floor of the platform, as well as the floor of the little room to the rear on which we accommodated the points of our hip bones the night previous, was none other than bamboo slats tied to a bamboo framework by rattan.

The early morning tropical sun was streaming through the cracks in the bark wall. A mother hen and her brood—a fortunate remnant of seven half-grown babes—had been dusting themselves on the dirt floor under the crude desks and benches just before the jungle folk gathered for the morning service. These desks and benches were simply hand-sawed boards fastened to four posts set in the ground. Now and then an enterprising rooster perched himself on a desk and crowed lustily. Occasionally, the jungle silence was also broken by the barking of a dog in a neighbouring village as the Bataks of the vicinity passed by on their way to the assembly.

It was not Sunday, but the missionary has time to visit each jungle village and the preacher-teacher in charge only once a month, and on the morn of his departure the villagers come with full expectation of a service of worship. It was not long ere the large shed was filled with children and adults. Mothers with babes on their backs or in their laps, unable to find a place in the audience, had squatted themselves on the platform to the side or in front of us. They were interesting to behold! The wife of the native preacher-teacher sat among them and they exchanged fond understanding glances at the queer antics of their babes. Children of school age were jammed in like sardines in the front seats on the left side of the centre aisle to make room for their mothers with babes and their damsel sisters on the right side, while their aspiring older brothers and their fathers occupied all the seats in the rear.

There was hardly room for the last man, a stranger who happened to pass by in the midst of the first hymn, which was a Batak translation of “Sweet Hour of Prayer”. Nevertheless, being attracted by what he saw and heard,—to him an unusual gathering,—he tied his little black cur dog to the end of a bamboo stick, at the side of the building and crowded into an already over-filled seat in the rear, while one of the “sintuas” (elders in the newly organized church)

obligingly moved the little black dog to a distance in order to lessen the disturbance to the meeting which a new dog in the neighbourhood always creates. The stranger’s clothing, like that of most of the inhabitants, though different in colour, consisted of a simple black waistcoat, a loose and roomy pair of pantaloons, a knife under his belt, and a rag bound around the top of his head. His feet of course, were bare. It is just such chance passers-by or long distance travellers who carry the news to adjoining or distant villages.

It has been but little more than ten years since the writer, as the first resident missionary in this part of Sumatra, saw and had a part in the beginning of such scenes and services in the Asahan jungle region. He was this day witnessing their recurrence in an entirely new and distant section of this great jungle region. He was told that practically every important jungle village in this region had invited and received the missionary and the schools, medical help, counsel, and the gospel which the missionary brings.

The Reverend Ragnar Alm, our Swedish missionary friend from Lapland, is now the most recent missionary to the people of this newly opened up section of the Asahan jungles. Would that you were privileged, as was I, on this hard but happy jungle trip, to look into the faces of the folk whose eyes look into his as on his monthly visit, he brought them the gospel message! You would not be long in detecting evidences of the disappearance of a depression, which through the ages has become almost chronic in the lives of these jungle dwellers. Never, before the advent of the Christian missionary and the faithful native teacher-preacher, had jubilant Christian or other kind of hymn resounded throughout these villages as they do to-day.

Though friend Alm has been in Sumatra less than two years, he has their complete confidence and attention as he speaks to them and counsels them in their own language. Many a jungle lad and lassie are already beholden to him not only for their spiritual but their physical and educational well-being as well. On his way to and fro and in between these villages, every month, he stops at some bamboo hut along the way to see some boy or girl whose mother, at one of the meetings, has said that her son or daughter is at home “ill with a fever” or suffering, as is so often the case, with some severely infectious skin disease. He stops to show the mother how to prepare a remedy for dysentery with which he himself has already had personal experience. Or, for a small price, leaves with them the necessary remedy for malaria. Or, as in one case, we come upon a bamboo shelter in the midst of a clearing. There are three young men—brothers. Two are able-bodied and work in the field, while the third, a lad of 15, drags himself about in the hut as best he can and cooks the rice. Because

(Continued on p. 25)

OUR AMERICAN LETTER

THIS LETTER is being written to our Malayan readers from a quiet spot on Indian River, in the State of Delaware, opposite Cape May only half a dozen miles from the mighty Atlantic Ocean. In several respects it awakens memories of beautiful Malaya: the haunting quiet of moonlit nights upon the gently rippling water, but with tall pine trees instead of the stately coconut, while hens with their brood of chicks hunt and peck amongst the fallen leaves Malayan-like, and the international mosquito necessitates wire netting to all windows and the burning of Japanese joss sticks. Even the gentlemanly Malay is recalled to us in the presence of a number of American Indians, for this is the habitat of the almost extinct Nanticoke tribe. As everybody knows, this part of the country was settled by British colonists. If there is any danger of our forgetting that fact, our memories are jogged by the very names of the three States which share in the division of this peninsula lying between the Delaware and the Chesapeake rivers: Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, skilfully combined into the name "Delmarva" by the purveyors of the indispensable American dish, ice cream. Maryland and Virginia hark back to the days when certain Queens of Mother England were dear to the hearts of the colonists on these then wilderness shores; while Delaware is an Indian name. A remnant of them still haunt the neighbourhood, and pursue the prosaic arts of agriculture the same as the white and the negro. Under pressure of the early settlers the Nanticokes made their way up the Susquehanna River and across New York State into Canada, where they have been identified by their vocabulary, of which there is now known only about three hundred words, according to a very interesting bit of research work by a professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Two minutes' walk from our house is a monument to the memory of the last of the Nanticokes to speak their native language; her descendants find English "good enough" for their limited needs, enriched by the bad grammar, ubiquitous slang, and prevailing Americanisms.

Nevertheless, Riverdale is a fine place to spend a summer vacation, and this summer we have been treated to a quite unusual exhibition that was not on the programme and for which no extra charge is made. We have been here right in the teeth of the unprecedented storm which swept up from the Caribbean Sea and the Bermudas and did such wide-spread destruction in the Atlantic seaboard states that word of it must have appeared in your Reuter's despatches. Our bit of beach is along the three-mile-wide river, landlocked, and half a dozen miles from the Atlantic; but great breakers rolled and crashed against our shore as if

we had been on the ocean beach itself, carrying away every pleasure boat pier, washing away the plank retaining walls along the banks, felling immense trees, wrecking pleasure boats, and undermining houses. Being the worst such storm on record it was thrilling to have been through it, but once is enough. At time of writing, a week later, we are still obliged to motor through water up to the running board in order to get inland.

Now if we could spend next summer at The Nest, our cup of joy would be full.

AMERICA is living under the aegis of Queen Nira. The unprecedentedly vigorous and radical methods being resorted to, to compel rather than to induce a return of normal business conditions, are created and put into effect with such sudden and insistent force that anything I might write about it would be out of date by the time you got it into print. So again I refer you to Reuter's.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICAN METHODISM is located on the state highway over which we motored to this vacation resort, namely at Frederica, Delaware. It is one of the three oldest Methodist Churches in America. Which of the three is really the oldest seems difficult to decide. Old John street Church in New York City, where Captain Webb, of the British Army, exercised his gifts as a local preacher while America was yet a British Colony, has its claims to something or other related to the championship. In our own historic city of Philadelphia we have old St. George's Church, which Bishop Berry has denominated "the oldest Methodist church edifice on this planet"—(note how carefully the Bishop claims all he can without claiming anything that he can't). Well, the doors of Barratt's Chapel at Frederica, Md., stood invitingly unlocked, open and unguarded except for the innate respect which even a passing hobo might be credited with having; so parking our car, we crossed the greensward and reverently entered its hallowed walls. There everything stood in all its original quaintness just as when it became "The Cradle of Methodism" in America. There in 1784 Bishop Thomas Coke, sent by Rev. John Wesley, met Rev. Francis Asbury, who was Mr. Wesley's appointed leader in the American colonies. The result of that meeting was the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Perhaps when Methodism is 150 years old in Malaya, historians will be recounting how Bishop Thoburn and Bishop Oldham in like manner raised its banner in Singapore. But it is not yet sufficiently far removed from that date for us to be referring to it as in the distant past, for Bishop Oldham and Miss Blackmore are still with us.

U.S.A., August 29th, 1933.



THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

Once on a time there was an old widow who had one son; and as she was poorly and weak, her son had to go up into the safe to fetch meal for cooking; but when he got outside the safe, and was just going down the steps, there came the North Wind, puffing and blowing, caught up the meal, and so away with it through the air. Then the lad went back into the safe for more; but when he came out again on the steps, if the North Wind didn't come again and carry off the meal with a puff; and, more than that, he did so the third time. At this the lad got very angry; and as he thought it hard that the North Wind should behave so, he thought he'd just look him up, and ask him to give up his meal.

So off he went, but the way was long, and he walked and walked; but at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good-day," said the lad, "and thank you for coming to see us yesterday."

"GOOD-DAY," answered the North Wind, for his voice was loud and gruff, "AND THANKS FOR COMING TO SEE ME. WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"Oh," answered the lad, "I only wished to ask you to be so good as to let me have back that meal you took from me on the safe steps, for we haven't much to live on; and if you're going to go on snapping up the morsel we have, there'll be nothing for it but to starve."

"I HAVEN'T GOT YOUR MEAL," said the North Wind; BUT IF YOU ARE IN SUCH NEED I'LL GIVE YOU A CLOTH WHICH WILL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANT, IF YOU ONLY SAY, "CLOTH, SPREAD YOURSELF, AND SERVE UP ALL KINDS OF GOOD DISHES."

With this the lad was well content. But as the way was so long he couldn't get home in one day, so he turned into an inn on the way; and when they were going to sit down to supper he laid the cloth on a table which stood in the corner, and said:

"Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

He had scarce said so before the cloth did as it was bid; and all who stood by thought it a fine thing

but most of all the landlady. So, when all were fast asleep at dead of night, she took the lad's cloth, and put another in its stead, just like the one he had got from the North Wind, but which couldn't so much as serve up a bit of dry bread.

So, when the lad woke, he took his cloth and went off with it, and that day he got home to his mother.

"Now," said he, "I've been to the North Wind's house, and a good fellow he is, for he gave me this cloth, and when I only say to it, "Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes," I get any sort of food I please."

"All very true, I daresay," said his mother; "but seeing is believing, and I shan't believe it till I see it."

So the lad made haste, drew out a table, laid the cloth on it, and said:

"Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

But not even a bit of dry bread did the cloth serve up.

"Well," said the lad, there's no help for it but to go to the North Wind again," and away he went.

So he came to where the North Wind lived, late in the afternoon.

"Good-evening," said the lad.

"GOOD-EVENING" said the North Wind.

"I want my rights for that meal of ours which you took," said the lad; "for, as for that cloth I got, it isn't worth a penny."

"I'VE GOT NO MEAL," said the North Wind; "BUT YONDER YOU HAVE A RAM WHICH COINS NOTHING BUT GOLDEN DUCATS AS SOON AS YOU SAY TO IT, "RAM, RAM, MAKE MONEY." "

So the lad thought this a fine thing; but as it was too far to get home that day, he turned in for the night to the same inn where he had slept before.

Before he called for anything, he tried the truth of what the North Wind had said of the ram, and he found it right; but when the landlord saw that, he thought it was a wonderful ram, and, when the lad had fallen asleep, he took another which could not coin ducats, and changed the two.

Next morning off went the lad, and when he got home to his mother, he said:

"After all the North Wind is a jolly fellow; for now he has given me a ram which can coin gold ducats if I only say, 'Ram, ram, make money.' "

"All very true, I daresay," said his mother, "but I shan't believe any such stuff until I see the ducats made."

"Ram, ram, make money," said the lad, but no money came.

So the lad went back again to the North Wind and blew him up and said the ram was worth nothing, and he must have his rights for the meal.

"WELL," said the North Wind, "I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO GIVE YOU BUT THAT OLD STICK IN CORNER YONDER; BUT IT'S A STICK OF THAT KIND THAT IF YOU SAY, 'STICK, STICK, LAY ON' IT LAYS ON UNTIL YOU SAY 'STICK, STICK, NOW STOP.'"

So, as the way was long, the lad turned in this night, too, to the landlord; but as he could pretty well guess how things stood as to the cloth and the ram, he lay down at once on the bench and began to snore, as if he were asleep.

Now the landlord, who easily saw that the stick must be worth something, hunted up one which was like it, and when he heard the lad snore, was going to change the two; but, just as the landlord was about to take it, the lad bawled out: "Stick, stick, lay on."

So the stick began to beat the landlord, till he jumped over chairs, and tables and benches, and yelled and roared: "Oh my, Oh my, bid the stick be still, else it will beat me to death, and you shall have back both your cloth and your ram."

When the lad thought the landlord had got enough, he said: "Stick, stick, now stop."

Then he took the cloth and put it into his pocket, and went home with his stick in his hand, leading the ram by a cord round its horns; and so he got his rights for the meal he had lost.

(From *Tales from the Norse* BY SIR GEORGE DASENT).

THE CALL OF THE HOUR

REV. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON, D. D.

The Editor of *The Nation* at Washington has said: "We are living in a bankrupt world. The country has gone bad religiously, morally, economically and politically. It will never be restored in economics or in politics till it gets right in morals and religion."

Our hope is not in politics or economics, it is in God and religion, in a total and irreversible self-surrender to live the godly life in this present world of need. Men are looking to the Church to show the way out of their depression and distress. They ask for the bread of life; they get stones: fine music, comfortable pews, elegant sermons, breathing doubts, extending the elements of uncertainty. Some young preachers read nothing but critical stuff and then doubt all their beliefs and believe all their doubts. They leave their people in mist. We have talked so much about breadth that our notions have spread out too thin. We doubt if there can be an intense Christian life, intense enough to make headway against the drift, without a definite faith and conviction strong enough to make an issue with the world.

We have men in the pulpit, official boards and presidents of young people's societies and superintendents of Sunday schools, who have no idea what it is all about. What the organization is trying to do or why it should be done. Parents living the worldly, self-centered life, and complaining of the young people's morals; Christians seeing their own children wander and their neighbours indifferent, lawlessness triumphant and no one to protest effectively; boys patronizing bootleggers and corrupting their lives with booze; girls smoking cigarettes and debauching the sources of future lives; young people spending nights in dance halls corrupting both sexes; authors taking the bribe money of liquor proponents to insert wet propaganda with their stories, or poems even; correspondents salaried from home papers to write the news from Washington and doubling their income to colour their news; politicians putting up their cherished principles for sale to party exegesis and boss-ridden cities. The only remedy God or man has ever found for these conditions is consecrated Christian lives, alive to God and dead to the world, men who fear God too much to fear anything human.

Some years ago in an iron foundry in Pittsburgh, an intelligent workman tripped and fell with his burden flat on a red-hot sheet of iron. He was instantly in flames. A fellow workman ran for a pole and pried him off on the soil. They gathered around him and one cried, "Get a doctor, quick!" "No", said the dying man, "it's too late: can't one of you come near and help me to get to God." The man who told the story to his pastor said, "And there I stood a poor backslidden churchmember whose life had forever sealed his lips—and could not say a word." The sufferer died without human help: the Christian was *out of working order*.

Reprinted from The Pentecost Herald.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

R. M. H. D. & H. Y.

"MAKING THE BIBLE DESIRED"

The quotation which is the first item in the Children's Charter adopted by the White House Conference is, "for every child spiritual and moral training to enable him to stand firm under the pressure of life." We cannot emphasize this thought too much. It surely must be the desire of every sincere teacher engaged in our programme of Christian education to give those who look to us this kind of training. We have met with a small degree of success, but how much more we might and should do if we were really serious about our task.

We count it a privilege as teachers to be entrusted with this work and we undertake our task with humility of spirit. It is a certain thing that our efforts will be fruitful only to the extent to which we are motivated by a real sincere and intelligent love for children, and by a sense of our dependence upon the guidance of the Spirit of God.

We are all aware of situations in which young people who have been educated in Christian schools have failed in holding true to the Christian ideals they have had. These ideals have not been firmly enough implanted. We do not give sufficient guidance in helping our students to have a sense of true Christian values. We think of the development of character as an on-going process. We must lay such a foundation in childhood in the way of Christian living as will carry over into the formative experiences of adolescence. If we are to make Christian values a permanent part of life there are many issues that must be settled wisely in youth, and we as Christian teachers have the privilege of guiding youth in the meeting of these issues. We will suggest at this time only one point at which we may have failed. Have we not been inclined to lay too much emphasis upon content in our teaching of the Bible, rather than to show our students how to turn to it as a guide in meeting the every day problems of life? Have they come to appreciate the value of the Bible as a guide in Christian living?

We recognize the fact that the desire to learn is exceedingly keen when a person wants help in difficulty. Then is not beginning with a conscious problem a secret in making students want to study the Bible? Dorothy Dickinson Barbour¹ gives an instance of a group who were first opposed to Bible study coming to appreciate its value. There is "food for thought" in this for us who are endeavouring to guide the youth of Malaya.

¹*Making the Bible Desired.*

"There were thirty boys in the Bible course required in a Peking commercial school. They were non-Christians, and all were opposed to the idea of Bible study. The Chinese college student who was their teacher felt that however evident to him might be their need for a study of Christ's life, the class should want it before it was undertaken. For some weeks there were lively discussions of Chinese ways of business in treatment of employees and customers, money-lending and hours of labour—with much expression of dissatisfaction at many of the conditions. Then they turned to Western business methods

"After several hours of discussion aroused by the teacher's questions it was decided that both in Chinese business life, and in the Western there was some good and much wrong. The teacher suggested that the least selfish business as yet known in the world was carried on by certain Christian employers on the basis of the teaching of Jesus. Thereupon a Mohammedan advocated his religion as a solution; a Confucianist and an atheist forth with proceeded to demolish the arguments—and each other's. All other ideas being in this way found unsatisfactory someone suggested that they look further into this teaching of Jesus that had been mentioned. It was the last lesson of the year, and the class broke up with the request for a course the following term on the life of Christ, for they wished to know how his ideas would be applied in business and how unselfish character could be formed.

"The teacher began with the most important interest the class had in common, and stimulated the boys to discover that there was a problem involved, and that the methods ordinarily tried would not solve it. This led them to decide for themselves that the solution offered by Christ was worth investigation."

As a result of this class the boys thought about their future occupation from the point of view of its effect upon others, and connected the idea of Christianity with the changing of every-day life. They developed an interest in Christ and a desire to know him. When they studied the life of Christ next term, they were likely to learn more, and remember longer because of their interest.

Children with no Church School.

Much can be said to the credit of our Church Schools as they are at present organized. They serve a useful purpose, and, we believe, make a valuable contribution to the life of this country. But a question keeps rising in the minds of some which will not down: What about the children of Malaya who are in no Church School? How long are we going to continue to be satisfied with ministering to those we now have in our schools?

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE

D.H.Y.



STRAITS CHINESE PICNIC

Were you there, If not, we wish you were, for you missed a really grand time! On the 18th of October 60 or more Leaguers and a few friends, all out for fun and pleasure, went for a "makan angin" trip to Mr. Aw Boon Haw's Bungalow at Pasir Panjang. This event crowned with signal success could rightly be taken to mark a Red Letter Day for our League this year. Every minute of the day was well and profitably spent and time seemed to pass by faster than usual.

The day was begun with God when we met together and united in a "Watch and Pray" Service at which Mrs. Eklund gave an inspiring and uplifting message. At the conclusion of this service we indulged in a few "getting-to-know-each-other" games until breakfast time was announced. The programme for the rest of the day was well planned, and favoured by ideal weather, was carried out without a hitch. Much interest and keenness was evinced in the aquatic sports, social games, athletic events and the badminton and draughts tournaments.

The tiffin served left nothing to be desired and words do not suffice to express our appreciation to Miss Koh Ah Chi, the "cookie-in-chief" and her squad of willing helpers. A group photograph was taken after tea and, just as the beneficent "mata-hari" was shedding its last rays of light and life at the approach of night, we gathered round for the prize-distribution. The President in a few words thanked all those who had helped to make the occasion possible and successful and expressed his hope that those present would carry home with them many a happy memory of this event. Mrs. Tan Hock San was then called upon to give away the prizes.

As we finally wended our way back, songs of farewell were sung and deep down in our hearts we were conscious of a feeling of thankfulness to Almighty God for the fine Christian fellowship we had shared together.

CHOO CHWEE ANN,
President.



Kuala Lumpur Chinese Epworth League.

SINGAPORE LEAGUERS HELD "ORATION NIGHT"

Much success attended the "Oration Night" held in the Social Hall of the Straits Chinese Methodist Church on the 23rd September, 1933. Over 80 members and friends, including many ladies, were present. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Theodore Doraisamy. The programme for the evening consisted of many interesting literary and musical items. A vocal duet sung by Misses G. Lee and M. Pavée opened the meeting.

"Evolution of Music" was the subject of the talk that followed, given by Miss Thevathasan. She said that man started with voice, then speech was invented, later savages accompanied their dances by keeping time with musical instruments. Music started in Egypt originally, then spread to Asia and Europe. Interesting descriptions of various musical instruments in India, China and Japan as regards their appearance, history, development and their association with religion, marriage and funerals, were given.

After Miss Tan had delivered a recitation on "Shakespeare" Mr. Gunasan spoke on "The Miracles of Medical Science". He compared the vast improvements made in the field of medical science during the last 120 years with the very slow advancement made previously. He then touched briefly on some of the discoveries that have done so much to alleviate the sufferings of mankind.

A solo with guitar accompaniment by Mr. Tan Hock San and a Javanese dance by Mr. Ooi Eng Lian were creditably presented and much appreciated. The main item on the programme was a lecture on "The Way to Success" by Mr. Philip Ho Ah Lim, which was full of inspiration and help.

UNCONVENTIONAL MOMENTS AT THE PASTORS' SCHOOLS

By REV. H. B. AMSTUTZ.

The citizens of Klang looked up with astonishment to see a large bus filled with Tamil pastors go careening down the road and wondered what in the world had happened to bring so many padres to town. But no such thoughts worried these pastors for they were on their way to a tea that afternoon and what a good time they had. The writer is quite sure that the Tamil people must be born with different membranes in their throats from those of Europeans for he found that even a Tamil Tea can contain foods that seem to have come from fire essence. Have you ever been to a Pastor's tea? No. Well, then come with me. First you will see some twenty-five men sitting around, every one more or less silent and very sober and on their best manners. Then come bounteous supplies of food and this food seems to awaken latent resources undreamed of in the quiet unobtrusive brothers of a few moments ago. Jokes fly about and often of the teasing type. A district superintendent, being just newly married, has to bear his share. But the climax comes at the end of the tea when the moment for 'speeches' arrives. And here no one is willing to be overshadowed by his city brother and the only way out is to suddenly call halt and thank the host and leave.

Again you might have come with us to the home of a well-known local doctor. A huge table has been spread and by actual count 36 sat down at one time to a most delicious and 'hot' Tamil curry tiffin. I doubt if ever before so many Tamil pastors and friends sat down together at one table. On this occasion roars of laughter were produced by the efforts of the interpreter (a young man new to the task) to correctly put into his language the involved sentences of the speaker; woe to an interpreter when there are many in the room who understand both languages used and when humour has been loosed as at a big table like this.

Or you might go with the Dean of the School to visit the men in their dormitory—the classroom set aside for sleeping quarters. Here are clean camp beds, electric lights, chairs and what comforts a school room can furnish. Seated about on the beds and chairs in various forms of dress and undress are some ten catechists. The older men, the "ELDERS" have retired in another room. But these young men are full of blood and this period of the day is their own. Some violin cases are opened, a drum is produced from nowhere, another has some castenets, the others lend their voices or listen to one in a solo and a Tamil Kalachepam is well on the way. These Kalachepams are usually Bible stories in verse form sung to the lyric melodies of old India. If you could have seen these men as they were taking part on some such evening you would realize what these lyrics mean to

them. It is very much like some families of Europeans getting together about a piano or organ and singing the hymns and favorite songs of their childhood and youth.

The Chinese dearly love a good story or a joke on each other. We have come to the close of a long day of classes, lectures, and perhaps some examinations in the afternoon plus some street preaching. Now dinner is over and here we are in a large class room with some 15 men seated here and there. They are all listening to one who has an interesting experience to tell or they are laughing at another about whom some tale has been told. We westerners so often think of the Asiatic as a sober man and never dream of the humour hidden under that somewhat passive exterior. One needs to live with our pastors to find out how human they are and what talents are hidden there. The Chinese love to tell stories on themselves and so these unconventional hours after dinner often last until long after midnight for this is the only time in the whole year that many of them ever see each other. I might tell you about teas and receptions in their honour, about trips to temples perched on high hills,—but perhaps enough has been told to let you see something of the human, the inside life of these men who are working so loyally in our churches here and there in Malaya, all with one object in their hearts, the bringing of the Gospel to their fellowmen.

Children with no Church School

(Continued from p. 22)

You may be amused when I tell you that to me there is no more fascinating reading at times than that found in old Conference Minutes—those of twenty to thirty years ago. What is fascinating about it? It is the fact that there we have the record of what has actually been done. In the Minutes of the Malaya Conference of 1896—page 24 we read in the report of R. W. Munson, "Sunday Schools are held all days of the week in schools, homes, lanes, and under verandahs in different parts of town." Again—in Miss Blackmore's report in 1897, page 53, "We tried to have a Sunday School in a room near by for children in Noordin Lane, but it was difficult to persuade them to attend regularly. So we went to a verandah in the lane itself." In 1898, in the Minutes of the Malaya Conference, page 41, Miss Lily says, "At our street S.S. in Telok Ayer the attendance varies with the weather and the full moon, but the average is not far short of 120 each Sunday." It is true that it is good to have fine homes for our schools such as we have at Geylang, the Straits or Wesley Church, but I wonder about the children that we might reach if we used more of the methods of going to the lanes, the streets, and the verandahs. We would be working with smaller groups, but might not our work be really more effective? It is worth our while to think of this.

Ordinations Services

(Continued from p. 14)

In the evening the Bishop preached in Wesley church on the subject "The Harvest of the Spirit". Rev. D. H. Yap was ordained elder in this service. The Bishop was assisted by the following ministers: S. S. Pakianathan, M. Dodsworth, T. W. Bowmar, Yau Yee San and S. A. Phillips.

Both ordination services were most impressive and peculiarly fitting as the candidates were ordained in the churches where they are ministering. In each service the Bishop asked the wife of the minister to be ordained to kneel beside her husband while Mrs. Bowmar sang "A Charge to Keep I Have". He also made mention of the fact that he was ordained in Kuala Lumpur by Bishop Oldham twenty-one years ago.

GIFT ACKNOWLEDGED

Mrs. Charles Paul of Raub, Pahang, formerly Miss Margaret of the Lady Treacher Girls' School, Taiping, in response to an article in the Malaysia Message for help towards the erection of a church-building in Raub, has kindly donated a sum of \$50.00. Her generosity is acknowledged and greatly appreciated. Churches, Epworth Leagues, and Sunday Schools are reminded that a compelling opportunity exists to share in this needy cause. About \$250.00 is yet to be raised.

Light Dawns in the Jungles

(Continued from p. 18)

of some spinal trouble, perhaps curable, he has for one year lost the use of his legs. Our friend Alm is arranging that on his next trip, this lad shall have treatment, at government expense, by a qualified physician. Were it not for the missionary, his case like numerous others would go unattended. Opium addicts are given the support of faith and will-power as well as medicine to overcome in their struggle. The evils of gambling and inefficient methods of agriculture are attacked and the gospel of a clean, intelligent, and brotherly world is presented by word and deed. So little by little the light dawns in the jungle and these children of the Father are fortified against the sure encroachments of the evil elements in our western civilization as well as saved from the fears, superstitions, and baser elements of their own.

FIGHTING THE OPIUM EVIL

The "Anti-Opium Society," organized by Swatow Christian Institute, South China, and in which other organizations are represented, had a week of lectures on the evils of opium. A petition was sent to the Provincial Government, asking that measures be taken to prohibit the raising of poppy plants. This was granted, and notices were sent out to that effect, officials being sent to see that the order was enforced. Another

petition which received favourable attention asked that in every large city some provision be made for treating addicts of the habit.

—*Watchman-Examiner.*

Men of the Jung'es

(Continued from p. 16)

seasons. Generally the halt is made for no longer than two or three days. The tribe live in one shelter, constructed of plated Bertam fronds stuck into the ground in an elliptical form, with the tops of the palms overhanging the centre of the space thus enclosed. In the centre of this space is built the fire that is not allowed to die out. By this fire they talk, and cook what food they may have, and talk, and at nights, when they are not chattering, they roll themselves in the filthy ashes and sleep. For an individual of low intellect, the Semang and Pangan can use more breath in describing with a wealth of detail in a thousand ways how he shot a very small bird, than it takes to pass a very unpopular Bill through the House of Commons.

These people are gradually dwindling and their lore is passing with them. They are but little understood, and this is a great tragedy from the scientific point of view. Their knowledge, their folk-lore, and their characters used in ornamenting what few pitiable personal objects they own, the sumpitans of the men and the combs of the women, in themselves may mean little; but in the light of our knowledge of other and kindred tribes in the North and the South, the sum total of our knowledge as to their origin and their connection with other races may be augmented ere it is too late.

Our Schools

(Continued from p. 15)

daily "Wanted" Ads. of our local dailies and to find that one employer wants a lad of smart appearance, another will take only the youth who can speak English fluently, and another specifies a knowledge of written Chinese as being a recommendation. A prominent citizen told the writer that the most important thing he looked for when employing a young man is Honesty. He explained this by saying that he meant not only being honest in money matters but also in giving honest service to one's own employer. Now the thing to remember is that all these "qualifications" are not examination subjects but without passing in them one surely will have difficulty in getting a job though armed with the usual Cambridge University certificate.

If you are wise you will try to get that "smart appearance" as soon as you can, and you will learn to cultivate habits of carefulness, honesty, and industry before you go to interview your prospective employer. And Good Luck attend you!

M. P. H.

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GRIN & BEAREM

—Grandma—"Which of you children ate the grapes I had in the cupboard? Its no use denying it; I saw the skins and seeds on the floor."

William—"It wasn't me, grandma, 'cos I ate skins and seeds and all."—*Stray Stories*.

Young Dobbs—"I want to try on that suit in the window."

Assistant—"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to use the dressing room."—*Selected*.

Tumbel—"What are you doing with that red lantern?"

Dumbel—"I just found it. Some foolish person left it beside a hole in the road."—*Selected*.

Adjustable

"I see an inventor has got up a chair that can be adjusted into a thousand different positions."

"I don't see what such a chair would be good for."

"It is intended for the small boy to sit on when he goes to church."—*Pathfinder*.

Snobbish

There was a great excitement aboard the liner.

"Man overboard!" was the cry.

"Gentleman overboard, if you please," said Mrs. De Snobbe, indignantly. "That's my husband."—*Tit-Bits*.

Sharing His Burden

Mr. Fallbride: "Come on, dear, I can carry you across that little stream easily enough."

Mrs. Fallbride: "But you can't carry both me and the lunch basket. We'll make too heavy a load." Let me carry the basket."—*Grit*.

Dinner Conversation

The big-game hunter found himself next to a charming girl at dinner. He told her how, having fired his last shot at a wounded and infuriated lion, he was forced to throw away his rifle and swim over a crocodile-infested creek to safety.

"Yes," said the girl, brightly, "I'm awfully fond of bathing, too."—*Tit-Bits*.

Teacher—"James, why do we call English our mother tongue?"

James—"Because father does not get much time to use it."—*Selected*.

The school inspector, to test the faculty of observation in the pupils, crossed the platform shifting his fountain pen from one pocket into another. "Now, what did I do?" he asked.

A small girl held up her hand. "You crossed in front of teacher without saying 'Excuse me,'" she said.—*Boston Transcript*.

Natural Mistake

Bill—Say, Joe, why did the foreman fire you yesterday?

Joe—Well, a foreman is one who stands around and watches other men work.

Bill—What's that got to do with it?

Joe—Why, he got jealous of me. People thought I was the foreman.

—*Boys' Life*.

It is best to make a few friends before you actually need them for something. You can't get friends in a moment by honking for them.—*Kansas City Times*.

Earnest Student

Tommy—"Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner, should I eat pie with a fork?"

Grandma—"Yes, indeed, Tommy." Tommy—"You haven't got a pie in the house that I could practice on, have you, Grandma?"—*American Boy*.

"It took seven sittings."

"You mean you have been having your portrait painted?"

"No. I've been learning to skate."—*Pathfinder*.

Teacher—"Which travels the faster—heat or cold?"

Pupil—"Heat, of course."

Teacher—"Why do you think so?"

Pupil—"Because you can catch cold."—*Exchange*.

A new baby had arrived. "Bobby," said his aunt, "you must have your face washed; it's so dirty your new baby brother won't know you."

"Oh, never mind, auntie," was the reply, "he's never seen me, so I'll have to tell him who I am, anyway."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Experiment

Mrs. Newlywed—"Have you any nice slumps this morning?"

Butcher—"Slumps? What are they?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"I don't know but my husband used to talk about slumps in the market, so I thought I'd try one."—*Pathfinder*.

"What is your occupation?"

"It isn't an occupation, it's a pursuit. I'm a bill collector."—*American Mutual Magazine*.

Colleen—"Why is Hortense so provoked? The papers gave a full account of her wedding."

Clarabelle—"Yes, but they put in that 'Miss Powell was married to the well-known collector of antiques.'"—*Brantford Expositor*.

Entertainer (in London music hall)—"If anyone in the audience will call out the name of some female character in Shakespeare I will endeavour to portray that character."

Voice from the gallery—"Florence Nightingale."

Entertainer—"I said Shakespeare, not Dickens."—*Tit Bits*.

"Who was it that said it is not good for man to be alone?" asked the teacher of the class.

"Daniel!" said Tommy promptly.

"Daniel!" exclaimed the teacher. "What Daniel?"

"Daniel in the lions' den," was Tommy's reply.—*Selected*.

One night, when her mother reminded her that it was her bedtime, she said, "It isn't fair. At night you tell me I'm too little to stay up, and in the morning you say that I'm too big to stay in bed."

—*Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror*.

Child (to young man who has called)—"Sister told me to entertain you till she comes down."

Young Man—"Oh, she did, did she?"

Child—"Yes—and I'm not to answer too many questions."—*Exchange*.

Billy—"Papa, are caterpillars good to eat?"

Father—"Oh, don't talk about such things at the table."

Mother (getting curious)—"Billy, why did you ask that?"

Billy—"I just saw one on papa's lettuce. But it's gone now."

Bad Matters Worse

The following correction appeared in a provincial paper:

"Our paper stated last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force."—*Tit-Bits*.

Up with a Bound

"I've got a new idea. Fortune in it."

"What now?"

"It's an alarm clock that emits the delicious odors of frying bacon and fragrant coffee."—*Evangelical Crusader*.

Boss—"Would you rather a lion ate you or a gorilla?"

Sambo—"I'd sooner he ate de gorilla, boss."—*Selected*.

Was the Dog Homeward Bound

A Scotsman was strolling along the quay one day, when his dog stopped beside a basketful of live lobsters. Instantly one of the lobsters snapped its claws on the dog's tail, and the surprised collie dashed off down the street, yelping.

The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation, then, turning to his prospective customer, he bawled: "Mon, mon, whustel to yer dog! Whustel to yer dog!"

"Hoots, mon" returned the other, complacently, "whustel to your lobster!"

—*Lindsay Post*.

"Mummy," said Elsie, "if I was a fairy I'd change everything into cake, and eat it all up."

"But I'm afraid such a lot of cake would make you sick," said her mother.

"No, mummy, it wouldn't," said Elsie, "cos I'd change myself into a nelephant first!"—*Methodist Recorder*.

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